

THE NEW PLAYS

'Barber of New Orleans'

a Lathered Romance.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

It takes a barber to handle edged tools. At this point you may see one who holds the villain in a chair with a razor at his throat and then holds a man at bay with a razor.

It is the barber's busy day. In addition to shaving his regular customers he gives fencing and dancing lessons to proud beauties, adopts a small boy and tells him fairy stories, changes the editorial policy of a newspaper that has accused him of boasting of his conquests, proves himself a good Union barber by putting down a conspiracy against the Government, wins a \$10,000 lottery prize and buys at auction the heroine who is supposed to have a yellow streak in her blood, and after giving her the bill of sale finds himself the sole owner of her loving heart.

How's that for a day's work? By the time Mr. William Faversham has gone through all the pieces set for "The Barber of New Orleans" by its author, Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter, you conclude you have been all wrong about thinking the South an idle, happy land where nobody works but the mosquito. If any New York barber to-day worked half as hard as this New Orleans barber in 1894 he wouldn't have time to read the comic papers. But Victor Jallot isn't a plain, everyday barber who thinks bay rum or witchhazel the last touch of art. He is the proprietor of the "Atelier Jallot"—which sounds much more "refined" even than tontorial parlors—and a poet and playwright at odd moments.

Jallot has so many outside things to do that you wonder he doesn't get someone to run the shop for him at the very beginning of the play. He no sooner begins one job than the author puts him to work at another. The lathered romance scatters itself right and left. Mr. Carpenter, whose daily range is the financial page of a Philadelphia newspaper, doesn't write to the point.

But the lean Mr. Faversham has a "fat" part. He feeds upon flowered phrases and swells with mock heroics. Nothing daunts him. The keynote of his role is "Next!" Come what may he is always prepared. He trims the conspirators against Louisiana only to find that the Spanish leader has recognized the beautiful Antoinette as one of his former slaves. She is to be sold for what she will bring, for she is a yalla gal, and so, gentlemen, what do you bid? Once more we have "The Great Question." The bidding is fast and the villain who wrote that infamous libel for the newspapers is furious. He runs the price of Antoinette up to \$500. The barber hesitates, but Antoinette is not lost. Jallot still has his lottery prize, half of which he has promised to his faithful assistant. No matter. He will show 'em he isn't a cheap barber. "Ten thousand dollars!" What do we hear from the \$500 villain? "Coles!" Sold to the noble barber for \$10,000. "I have bought the woman I love!" says he, and the curtain lets it go at that.

In the next act Antoinette comes to tell him that a mob is on its way to settle the little matter of an American flag over his door, and she remains behind a screen to hear the truth about that nasty piece in the paper while he shaves the contemptible author. Gently, but firmly, Mr. Faversham tucks a towel about the neck of his despised customer. Neatly he lathers him. Then he begins to rub it in. Does the razor pull? He stops it and the audience giggles. But this is stern work. Scrape, scrape goes the blade. Now the customer is getting it in the neck. He is reminded that this is an excellent shop in which to get his throat cut, and under pressure of the razor he confesses himself a scribbler and a liar. "Once over" is enough for him, but the barber insists upon finishing him off with a towel.

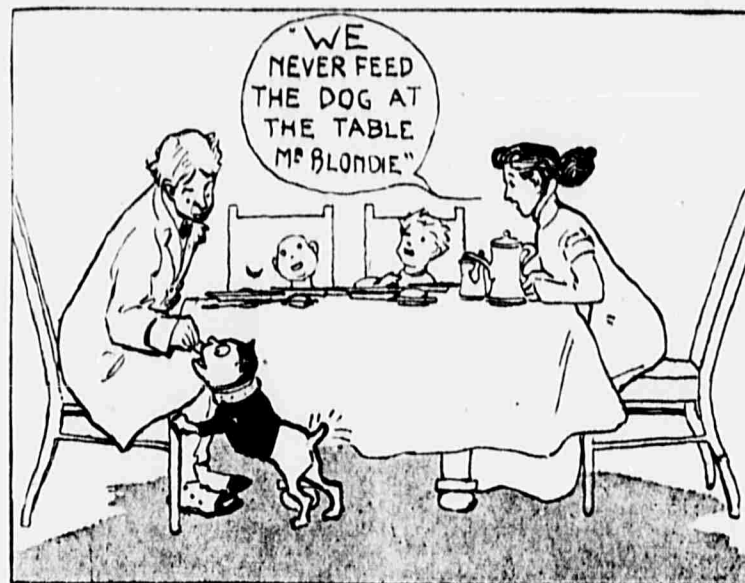
As soon as the customer, swearing vengeance, makes his escape, the mob breaks in and threatens to put the barber out of business. But Jallot turns speechmaker and triumphs over his enemies with some red-white-and-blue oratory. When all but a third assistant villain have fled, Antoinette comes from behind the screen and hears the awful news that she is a yalla gal. Then, of course, she turns on the barber for buying her. To be a yalla gal is bad enough, but to be bought by a barber—oh, this is too much! Let the stage manager draw the third act veil.

But the barber isn't through with his day's work. That very evening "when the stars shine bright" in one of the prettiest scenes the stage has revealed in many a moon, he captures the Spanish conspirator and forces him to write a confession that Antoinette is not even white, but a princess who was stolen when she was a child. This cheering news is given to her with bill of sale. It is also nice to learn that Jallot, instead of being just a barber of genius, is really the son of a brave Frenchman. Everything is very nice indeed at the end with Antoinette in Jallot's arms.

"The Barber of New Orleans" is decidedly a play for sweet young things. Its romantic sugar plums are just the sort to be swallowed by sweet sixteeners. Mr. Faversham goes through the play with light step. He dances gracefully and shaves the assistant villain neatly. Although he is called on to do many impossible things he does them well. In the past year he has made great strides as an actor of intelligence, imagination and authority. Miss Julie Opp does not show similar improvement. As Antoinette she still moves laboriously to the music of her own voice from one stoniest pose to another. The barber's assistant, young Poupet, is charmingly acted by Mr. Francis Bendisen. His dialect brings memories of Cable's soft Creole talk, and his legs are as nimble as his tongue. Mr. Morton Selten completely disguises himself in a very well-drawn sketch of the editor who believes self-preservation to be the first law of journalism.

The Jollys' Bull Pup

By H. Coultas



WHERE MR. BLONDIE'S SHIN CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE TABLE.

My "Cycle of Readings"

By Count Leo Tolstoy

Translated by Herman Bernstein

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The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolstoy's original comments on the subject.

Immortality.

DEATH and birth are two boundaries. Beyond these boundaries there is a similar something.

A MAN may die a noble or a mean death, even as he may live a noble or a mean life. The inner I, being unable to control the authority over the powers entrusted to it, renouncing this lofty mission, defeated by parasites and partly fallen under the power of its irreconcilable foes, may in the end be driven with disgrace and humiliation from the temple in which it should have reigned. Or, on the contrary, fulfilling its sacred and sound mission, having illumined its body and soul with divine life and love, this inner I, like a good workman who wears out his tools in his work, may wisely spend all materials entrusted to him, put them aside calmly and peacefully and, without changing, pass into other spheres predestined for him.—Edward Carpenter.

ONLY few people have thought properly about the significance of non-existence. Non-existence after death I picture to myself as the same state in which I found myself before birth. That is not apathy, for apathy itself may be felt; but this is nothing.

As soon as I fall into that state the words "I" and "state" no longer

JAN. 18.

The Barrier

Love and Gold Hunting In the Frozen Klondike

By Rex Beach, Author of "The Spoilers."

(Copyright, 1908, by Harper & Row.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Gale, port trader at Piamboau, on the Yukon, has an Indian wife, Ahlana, and one beautiful daughter, Neela. The girl has just returned home from a mission school. Lieut. Burrell, local military commander, falls in love with her. He is a handsome, well-to-do man, and has a good deal of money. He is also a good soldier and a good officer. He is a good friend to the Indians and a good enemy to the gold hunters. He is a good man in every way. He is a good man in every way.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

The Burrell Code.

IT was early dawn when Neela crept to him. "I dreamed you'd gone away," she said, shivering violently and drawing close. "Oh, it was a terrible awakening." "I was too tired to dream," he said. "So I had to come and see if you were really here." He quickly rekindled the fire, and they ate a hasty breakfast. Before the warmth of the rising sun had penetrated the cold air they had climbed the hill and obtained a wondrous view of the country. The hills about with their many valleys, the valleys misty and mystical. They made good progress on the summit, which was paved with barren rock and sparsely carpeted with short moss, while there was never a hint of insects to annoy them. Merrily

they swung along, buoyed up by an unnatural exaltation; yet now and then, as they drew near their destination, the young man had a chilling premonition of evil to come, and wondered if he had not been foolishly to undertake this rash enterprise.

"If you were not one of Lee's party," he said once, "I might misinterpret our being together this way."

"But when he learns that we love each other, that will explain everything."

"I'm not so sure. He doesn't know you as Lee and Polech and your father do. I think we had better say nothing at all about you and me—to any one."

"But why?" questioned the girl, stopping abruptly. "They will know it, anyhow, when they see us. I can't conceal it."

"I am wiser in this than you are," the soldier insisted, "and we must act like lovers; trust that to me."

"Oh, I won't play that!" cried Neela, petulantly. "If all this is going to end when we get to Lee's cabin, we'll stay right here forever."

He was not sure of all the logic he advanced in convincing her, but she yielded finally, saying:

"Well, I suppose you know best, and anyhow, little should always mind."

wondering which one of these smaller streams supplied the run of gold. "There's no one here," said Neela, gleefully. "We've beat them! We've beat them!"

They had been walking rapidly since dawn, and, although Burrell's watch showed two o'clock, she refused to halt for lunch, declaring that the others might arrive at any moment; so down they went to the lower end of "No Creek" Lee's location, where Burrell

blazed a smooth spot on the downstream side of a tree and wrote thereon at Neela's dictation. When he had finished, she signed her name, and he witnessed it, then paced off four hundred and forty steps, where he squared a spruce-tree, which she marked:

"Lower centre end stake of No. 1 below discovery. Neela Gale, locator." She was vastly excited and immensely elated at her good-fortune in acquiring the claim next to Lee's, and chattered like a magpie, filling the glades with resounding echoes and dancing about in the bright sunlight that filtered through the branches.

"Now you stake the one below mine," she said. "It's just as good, and maybe better—nobody can tell." But he shook his head.

"I'm not going to stake anything," said he.

"You must!" she cried quickly, the sparkle dying from her eyes. "You said you would or I never would have brought you."

"I merely said I would come with you," he corrected. "I did not promise to take up a claim. For I don't think I ought to do so. If I were a civilian I would be different, but this is Govern-

ment land, and I am a part of the Government, as it were. Then, too, in addition to the question of my right to do it, there would be the certainty of making enemies of your people, old 'No Creek' and the rest, and I can't afford that now. With you it is different, for you are entitled to this ground. After Lee's friends have shared in his discovery I may chance my mind."

All arguments and pleading were in vain; he remained obdurate and insisted on her locating two other claims for herself, one on each of the smaller creeks where they came together above the house.

"But nobody ever stakes more than one claim on a gulch," objected the girl. "It's the custom of the miners."

"Then we'll call each one of these branches a different and separate creek," he said. "The gold was carried down one of those smaller streams, and we won't take any chances on which one it was. When a fellow plays a big game he should play to win, and, as this means such a great deal to you, we won't overlook any bets."

Neela consented, and when her three claims had been properly located, the couple returned to the cabin to get lunch and to await with some foreboding the coming of the others and what of good or ill it might bring.

CHAPTER VII.

The Magic of Ben Stark.

BUT the party came in sight of the sound of their voices reached the cabin, and Burrell rose nervously and sauntered to the door. Uncertain how this affair might terminate, he chose to get first look at his enemies, if they should prove to be such, realizing

the advantage that goes to a man who stands squarely on both feet. The trail came through the brush at the rear, and he heard Lee say: "This here's the place, boys—the shack ain't fifty yards away."

"Likely looking gulch," Gale was heard to reply in his deep tones—there was a crackle of dead brush, a sound as of a man tripping and falling heavily, then ontha in a voice that made the Lieutenant start.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Doret. "You must be tired, Meestair R-unnion. Better you pick up your feet. Dat's 'ree tam you!"

They emerged into the open behind the house to pause in line back of Lee, who was staring at the stovepipe of his cabin, from which came a wisp of smoke. It seemed to Burrell that they held their position for a long time. Then he heard Lee say:

"Somebody's here ahead of us!" "We've been beaten," growled Stark, angrily, pushing past him and coming round the corner, an ugly look in his eyes.

Burrell was standing at ease in the door, smoking, one forearm resting on the jamb, his wide shoulders nearly filling the entrance.

"Good afternoon," he nodded, pleasantly. Lee answered him unintelligibly. Stark said nothing, but Runnion's exclamation was plain.

"When did you get here?" said Stark after a pause. "A few hours ago," said Lee. "How did you come?" asked Lee. "Black Bear Creek," said the soldier, curtly, at which Runnion broke into profanity.

"Better hush," Burrell admonished him; "there's a lady inside," and at that instant Neela showed her laughing face under his arm, while the trader uttered her name in amazement. "Lunch is ready," she said. "We've been expecting you for quite a while."

"Ba Gar! Dat's fonyy ting for sure," said Polech. "Who tol' you 'bout dis strike—eh?"

"Mother; I made her," the girl answered. "Take off your pack and come in."

Burrell invited, but Stark strode forward. "Hold on a minute. This don't look good to me. You say your mother told you. I suppose you're Old Man Gale's other daughter—eh?"

Neela nodded. "What time of day was it when you learned about this?"

"Cut that out," roughly interjected Gale. "Do you think I double-crossed you?"

The other turned upon him. "It looks that way, and I intend to find out. You said yesterday you hadn't told anybody."

"I didn't think about the woman," said the trader, a trifle disconcerted, whereupon Runnion gave vent to an ironical sneer. "But here's your girl and this man ahead of us. I suppose there's others on the way, too."

Meditations of a Married Man.

By Clarence L. Cullen.



CLARENCE L. CULLEN

A QUITE old woman once told me that if just one woman out of five hundred had even the primary symptoms of a sense of humor:

A woman's idea of repartee is to get some stinging remark out of her eyelids and then beat it away from there. I begin to talk animatedly to somebody else before the victim can get a chance to edge in his comeback.

"I despise a man who's unable to put his foot down and say 'No!'" you've heard her exude in a moment of peevishness. She'd hate to have you get busy with that "No," however, when she's trying to get you to stake her to a hat that you can't afford.

She knows that it's all right, and all like that, but did you ever notice how your wife hates it when you become so all-fired oscillatory in greeting that you and a pretty first cousin of yours? Almost all women would like to wear the trig white aprons and caps of trained nurses if it wasn't for the nursing.

The young wife whose first married home is an apartment-house where there are a lot of old women to advise her how to "handle" and "mould" her husband is due to learn a lot of things that she'll have to unlearn sooner or later.

Just as the mawkish song writers twang away on the mother theme without ever giving the old man a melodious look-in, so do the "pert" paragraphers uncoil their ingenious little yarns about "the meanest man" without ever giving us a line on "the meanest woman."

Does this sound familiar? "When I'm dead and gone maybe you'll?"—&c., &c.

A good way to get your wife into the habit of manicuring your nails is to keep on hinting about what roughish eyes those manicure girls at the Astorbacker have.

Everybody would be willing to give matrimony a trial heat if, when domestic matters went wrong, there were an arrangement whereby all bets could be declared off and twenty minutes for a new book.

You'll never experience sure-enough anguish of spirit until, just when you're about ready to take a hot bath, your deaf and dumb settlement at Kendall Green is well worth visiting if you ever get down that way.)

At Kendall Green, in the District of Columbia, lives a woman who never yet has claimed "the last word" in an argument with her husband. (N. B.—That deaf and dumb settlement at Kendall Green is well worth visiting if you ever get down that way.)

Betty Vincent's Advice on Courtship and Marriage

She Loves at 17.

Dear Betty: I AM seventeen and am in love with a young man of twenty-three. I have no fault to find with this young man, as I have always found him to be very polite. My father does not know that I am going with this young man. Do you advise me to tell my father, and should I invite the young man to my home, as he is very anxious to come?

CONSTANT READER. You should let your father know about the friendship with the young man, and if he is worthy of your friendship you should let him know that you are in all probability. Tell your parents that you wish to invite the young man to call, and if you obtain their permission your mind will be at ease.

He Loves a Stranger. I AM a young man of seventeen, and would like to make the acquaintance of a girl I see very often, but do not know. She gives me side glances occasionally, and I think she would like to make my acquaintance also. I tried to get an introduction, but was unable to do so. How can I meet her? My idea was to introduce myself the next time I meet her alone.

S. B. If you cannot gain a proper introduction to the young lady I am afraid there is no other way of meeting her. You would offend her very much by accosting her when alone and introducing yourself. Can you not manage to meet some male relative or friend of hers and through him gain a proper introduction to the young lady?

A Present of a Ring. Dear Betty: IS it proper for a young girl to give a young man a ring? He has not given me one, but I heard him wish he had a ring. E. R. D. It is proper to give a man a ring if he is a very good and old friend. A ring given to a young man has not the same significance as one given to a girl, and between old friends it is perfectly proper.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Misses' Skirt—Pattern No. 6,220.

The Pattern No. 6,220 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.